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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

RECEIVED

U.S. TRADE MARK REGISTERED

THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS —
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Vol. 50

No.

11

APRIL, 1918

Price

10

Cents

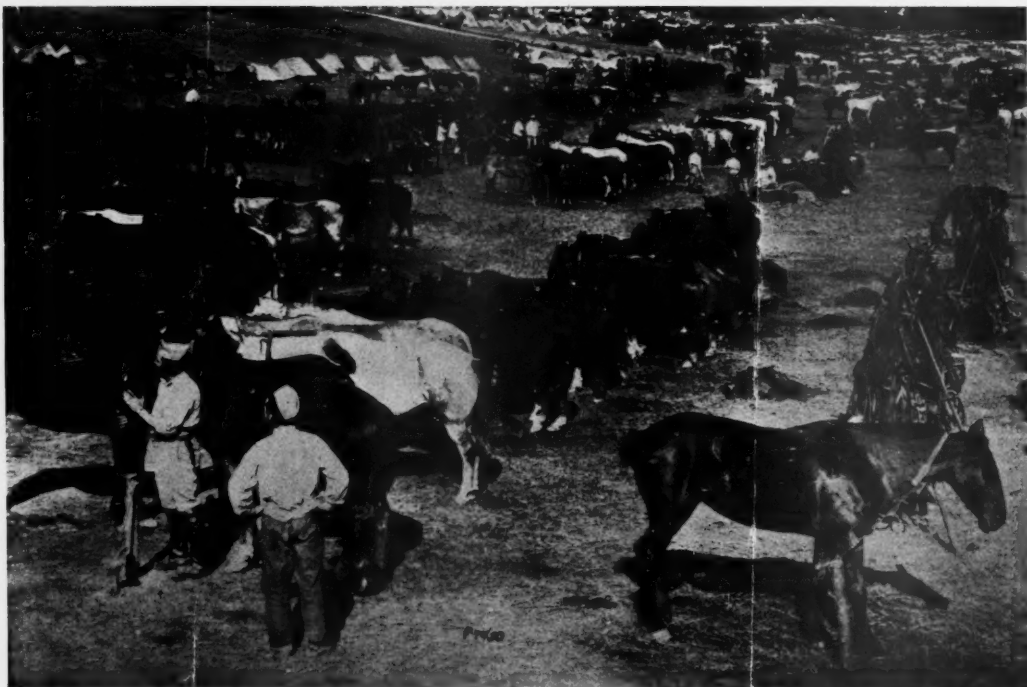


Photo by International Film Service, 1918

FRENCH ARTILLERY BEHIND THE LINES IN THE SOMME DISTRICT

The Advisability of Making a Will

It is everyone's duty to make a will disposing of his or her property after death, whether the amount involved is large or small.

Where one fails to do so, and dies intestate (as the law calls it), property may pass in a manner not desired by the owner, and often the share of a surviving husband, widow, or child is less than intended.

Whether or not you have made a will, you should have a copy of our booklet, "Concerning Trusts and Wills."

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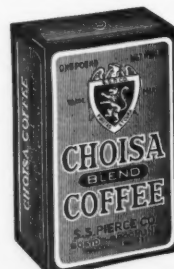
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Be Kind to Animals Week, April 15-20, Humane Sunday, April 21

Our Dumb Animals

U. S. Trade Mark Registered

FOUNDED BY GEO. T. ANGELL IN 1868, AND FOR FORTY-ONE YEARS EDITED BY HIM



The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, at the Plimpton Press, Lenox St., Norwood, Massachusetts
Entered as second-class matter, June 29, 1917, at the Post Office at Norwood, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879
Norwood Office: Lenox Street Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Back Bay Station

Vol. 50

April, 1918

No. 11

WHAT a multitude of horrible deeds have been done by men, of which animals have never been guilty!

AND the animals have not been guilty of them, not merely because they were powerless to do them, but because the possibilities of such deeds do not exist in their natures.

ANIMALS kill their prey for food, never for sport. With the exception of the cat, where do they ever torture their victims? Where do they mutilate and outrage their own kind? Must the capacity for the highest necessarily carry with it also the capacity for the lowest? Will not some moral philosopher answer the question?

THE measure of our humane spirit is not our own mental estimate of it, but the service to the defenseless and weak it compels us to undertake. Are you going to join the Jack London Club? Here's a test.

PERHAPS the future looks as dark just now as at any moment since this horrible war began. Never more, then, than at this hour should courage and hope characterize our conduct and our speech. There can be but one ultimate issue. Humanity is not on the down grade. Righteousness, justice, mercy have always won in the long run and they are winning now.

WHY is it that many of the atrocities reported in connection with this war make no profounder impression upon us? Is it not that, no matter how well vouched for, they seem so absolutely incredible, so far beyond the worst we have ever known of human nature, we cannot help believing those who report them mistaken? Must we accept as without hyperbole, and as literal cold truth, the words once spoken of certain men, "Ye are of your father the devil"?

FEW winters have meant so much suffering to cattle, sheep and swine in transportation as the present one. Still those qualified to know, like the best veterinarians of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, insist that fewer have perished with the cold in the open-slatted cars, than would have died from suffocation and collapse in closed cars. At the best, make the conditions as humane as possible; the transportation of food animals involves cruelty from start to finish.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

To one of our Directors:—

I THINK I wrote you thanking you for the medicine received just before we left. In Newport News we used it with a seventy-five percentage of recoveries, which as you know is highly satisfactory. It arrived just as we were about to leave Boxford, and by leaving out some wearing apparel it was squeezed into the trunk, being by far too precious to leave behind. As you probably know, and as I have already written, we are put on our honor not to write forbidden things. As I believe I wrote in my last letter I stated that on our trip the horses were exceptionally well cared for,—so well that they landed in excellent spirits. After about six days in the Remount Depot at the port of debarkation I was sent to join my regiment. All the veterinary supplies we had at Boxford had been shipped with the regiment and surely filled a long-felt want. You can well believe that I have a warm feeling toward those who so kindly remembered the horses. You will understand that what was given are real and truly treasures. Our horses have been obtained mainly from the French Government and are certainly wonderful animals. There are many mares,—all horses heavily coated and were fully rugged enough for any severity of the weather, and above all splendid workers, never refusing to pull and never attempting to shirk. The officers and men have placed their horses before themselves in regard to care and comfort. Could you see how skillfully and carefully these horses are cared for I am sure you would, with your fondness for animals, be well pleased. This regiment deserves all the nice things said about the care given to its horses. The same is true of all horse organizations; and nothing possible for the comfort of a horse is left undone.

Once more let me assure you that the kindness of the Society has been much appreciated. When I get back I will tell you my experiences with the language and the weird time I had, and still have, with French money. Sometimes it seems to me as if they did not know French themselves.

Kindly remember me to my friends, etc.

Lt. ——— V.C.N.G.

101 F. A.

American Expeditionary Forces, France.

WE will send free to all ministers, "Justice for Animals," a sermon for Humane Sunday.

JACK LONDON was neither a "Sunday School teacher nor the president of a humane society." When the cruelty he discovered back of the stage performance of trained animals so outraged his sense of justice as to compel him to write "Michael, Brother of Jerry," we may rest assured that the rest of us would be quite as shocked did we know the facts. Read the book!

HOWEVER much or little the average dog costs, he pays back to humanity in affection, fidelity, intelligence, service and companionship more than he costs. This, all outside his value as a creature, by his very presence among men, cultivating the spirit of kindness and humanity which man still so sorely needs. The real dog lover puts no price in dollars and cents on his dog. He simply says, "Money can't buy him."

IT is estimated, so says a Missouri newspaper, that "15,000,000 dogs in the United States consume annually 5,500,000,000 pounds of food a year. Statistical economists, therefore, are demanding the killing of all dogs." For all anybody could say in contradiction, our "statistical economist," probably some sour-faced enemy of the dog, might as well have said 5,000,000 or 25,000,000. Estimates are easy both to fools and philosophers. Would this "statistical economist" want to eat the most of the food fed to the average dog? The 5,000,000 people he says this food would support would look well burying old bones, and visiting garbage cans, and eagerly eating the scraps from somebody's table.

THE HORSE AND THE HIGHWAY

A BILL has been introduced into the New York State Legislature to make compulsory the construction on state and county highways of a side road of dirt or stone for the use of horses. To read the auto-truck advertisements one might be quite easily led astray. The horse is still doing 80 per cent of the country's transportation. There have been many sections of the country this winter, where, because of the deep snow, the automobile and the auto-truck have had to go out of commission, the horse being the only means of transportation equal to the occasion. One of our gasoline ambulances, becoming stalled in a drifted main highway near Boston, the driver was obliged to hire a farmer to get out his horse and high-boarded sleigh and transport the animal the balance of the way to its owner's stable.

JOIN THE NEW SOCIETY

No Officers No Dues Just Send Your Name

IT is called THE JACK LONDON CLUB. Why? Because Jack London, before he died, struck the hardest blow ever given the

"TRAINED ANIMAL PERFORMANCE"

He was no man to complain of cruelty where it did not exist. He was far from a sentimentalist. But he knew what lies behind the trick animal exhibitions in our theaters and vaudeville houses. Listen! "Never have I been so appalled and shocked by the world's cruelty as I have been appalled and shocked in the midst of happy, laughing, and applauding audiences when trained-animal turns were being performed on the stage. Cruelty as a fine art has attained its perfect flower in the trained-animal world. No normal healthy human would tolerate such performances did he or she know the terrible cruelty that lies behind them and makes them possible."

THE REMEDY

There is one way, sure, effective, to crush this cruelty out of existence. He tells us what it is. "It is so easy. We will not have to think of dues or corresponding secretaries. We will not have to think of anything, save when, in any theater or place of entertainment, a trained-animal turn is presented to us. Then, without premeditation, we may express our disapproval by getting up from our seats and leaving the theater for a promenade or a breath of fresh air outside, coming back, when the turn is over,

to enjoy the rest of the program. Show the management that such turns are unpopular, and in a day, in an instant, the management will cease catering such turns to its audiences."

HOW TO JOIN

If you want to eliminate the unspeakable cruelties suffered by these poor victims of the animal trainer's power—the cruelties you never see or imagine when the unhappy and terrified creatures appear before you on the stage—just send your name and address to *Our Dumb Animals*, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Massachusetts. That will mean that you promise to leave whatever place of amusement you may be in during any of these exhibitions. We shall report the number of our membership month by month. We can stop this cruelty if we will. Give us your name. It will cost you nothing but this silent, yet powerful protest.

This issue goes to press too soon after mailing the March number for us to report the results in membership for the first month. All we can say is that every one who has heard of the plan has joined the Club.

READ JACK LONDON'S "MICHAEL, BROTHER OF JERRY."

N.B. We want each reader to secure as many members as possible and send us the number of those signifying their willingness to join this club. Now is your chance if you really desire to do something for animals.

PRACTICAL KINDNESS

JOHN S. WELBANK

JUST recently, in one of our large cities, a decrepit looking mare was pulling a wagon, much the worse for wear, through the crowded streets. The driver, aged in years himself, was urging the tired animal onward, but little progress seemed to be made. Coming out into the clearing, he drove to one side and stopped at the curbing, and dismounting he patted the mare with much affection and said, "Poor Jinny, you're as tired as your master after the long day, but soon we'll be home, old girl, and have our supper, then for a good night's rest." He remounted and "Jinny" trotted the rest of the way, and both were soon at home.

It is a short story, but what a world of meaning there is over it all because of the lesson it teaches! Kindness should be the guiding principle in our dealings with dumb creatures. And what nobler or more faithful animal is there than the horse, who has on every occasion served us for our good?

It is therefore a healthy sign to see the many humanitarian societies springing up everywhere, whose object and whose purpose is to be a friend of the animals and to see that they are treated in a humane manner.

From personal experience with animals the writer knows that kindness has much to do in making them gentle and easy to manage. After all, if someone is kind to us how much better we feel, and the desire is within us to reciprocate for the kindness done. So, too, with the dumb animals; ever afterwards they are our best friends.

Therefore treat them with the respect and consideration they are entitled to and should receive.

Animals employed by the armies in Europe now number in the millions. Horses, mules, elephants, camels and dogs are doing their part along with their human masters. In war and peace man and animal are inseparable. It takes human blood to wage war but wherever man has fought he has found in his dumb fellow-combatant a true and unfailing friend and comrade.



"GOOD BYE, OLD MAN"

ELOQUENT PLEA FOR MEMBERS

Mrs. Jack London Tells Readers of "Our Dumb Animals" Why They Should Join the New Club

February 18, 1918

SINCE Jack London's death, nothing has touched and gratified me more deeply than this determination of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to further his humane scheme for putting a stop to the stage-training of animals. As the prospectus of the Jack London Club states, he was no man to complain of cruelty where cruelty did not exist. There was nothing mawkish about his affection for and understanding of animals. Thoroughly he canvassed his subject before producing *Michael, Brother of Jerry*, and into the story he spent all his heart of love and comprehension of them.

Those who would become members of the Jack London Club, I would advise to attend a few further performances of trained animals on the stage, viewing the same in the light of Jack London's information contained in *Michael, Brother of Jerry*. Laying aside the patent forms of direct cruelty,—the visible whip, the cringing submission, the over-eagerness of the dumb brutes to please,—observe the indirect abuses, say where the willing dog of a beloved master manifests the irk and strain of having to do his tricks day in and day out. If he is not fortunate enough to be doing "big time" on the best vaudeville circuits, which require two performances in the twenty-four hours, he is forced to repeat his act four times. Your dog will do anything for love—even for duty; but to be obliged, even by a loved master, to repeat his tricks day after day at stated intervals, sick or well, with bitter memories of crates and baggage-cars in all weathers between-whiles, is the pitiable shame of his condition.

"Funny way to make a living," one vaudevillian remarked across the footlights concerning his own capitalized buffoonery. That is his affair. But let him capitalize the pain and degradation of his lesser fellow-creatures, and his choice of a vocation becomes the affair of the thinking public. And Jack London flamed his soul out in the pages of this book that the public might become more a thinking public.

Animal trainers will rise all over the country to protest that there is no cruelty in their methods. Very well: let them prove it. We long for the proof. But it will be uphill work to prove that Jack London wrote *Michael, Brother of Jerry* in vain!

So, this my letter is to voice an earnest gladness that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is not unmindful of Jack London's effort and its value. Dearly would he love to know that his work is helping the furry and feathered ones, humble or proud, who have no wit to cope with man's superior invention for their subjugation. Not only may he bring relief through this Club, but a wider joy to human minds through an understanding

of the situation that will look toward the stamping out of this unnecessary and oftentimes senseless form of entertainment.

In conclusion, I would beg that children be encouraged to become members of the Jack London Club. It seems to me that this plea needs no explanation.

Yours for the Jack London Club,
CHARMIAN KITTREDGE LONDON
(Mrs. JACK LONDON)

WHY DOGS' NOSES ARE COLD

WHEN your faithful dog pokes his nose into your hand even your affection cannot prevent a little shiver, because the nose is so cold. Why is it? When the body of a dog is so warm, why should this one spot be different from all the rest of him? The coldness of a dog's nose is due to the fact that it must be kept moist all the time in order to sharpen his sense of smell. And, of course, as the moisture is evaporating all the time, it keeps his nose cold. A dog depends a great deal on his powers of smell, especially in the wild state. In addition to the olfactory or smelling nerves inside a dog's nostrils the whole black membrane around the nose is very sensitive, but this sensitiveness can only be retained by moisture. Thus it is that when a dog's nose is dry and warm he is ill and needs doctoring.

—Berwick Advertiser

"SAM JOHNSON"

BY COLE, THE COWBOY
San Francisco

I WAS a new man at the Hash Knife ranch and knew I would receive the usual amount of hazing, which was but a way of testing or trying out all newcomers.

I was told to "flip a rope on 'Sam Johnson.'" The same being a sorry-looking steed belonging to the long-eared family, I looked at him—a strange animal between a mule and a donkey in appearance. This was the acid that tried out every man's mettle that came to the ranch.

His sides were scarred and cut by many spurs, the wounds scarcely healing till they were ripped open again. His life had been one continual round of torment. As I walked toward him, I could almost imagine I got his thought, as he dropped his ears along his grizzled neck: "Another one of them human things to slash and beat me."

Sam Johnson was a bad one, but treatment had made him so. Then and there I made up my mind to conquer by a method foreign to what he had heretofore received. I would surprise not only Sam Johnson, but the grinning riders who had passed the test.

With a deft toss I snared the hapless beast. No sooner had the rope caught him than he plunged away—I dropped the riata. When he found I was in no hurry to crowd him, he stopped, raised his ears, and looked at me. In a few moments I picked up the rope and led him out in the lot that had always been his battleground.

Though my movements were slow, my mind was working swiftly. I must anticipate Sam Johnson's abilities in the high and winding art of pitching, and prevent it.

With tantalizing deliberation I dragged my Spanish saddle out toward the stubborn steed and rubbed the dirt off Sam's back, whistling softly the while.

"Aw—come on—pardner, don't be so dog-gone slow," called out one of the men. I tossed my saddle up on Sam's back, walked



Photo from Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

REAL DOGS OF WAR ON DUTY IN THE TRENCHES

PEOPLE often talk of the "dogs of war" but the dogs they think of then are far different from these real war dogs in the trenches. The releasing of these dogs is not the sign of conflict but of succor for those who have fallen. Dogs are used extensively to aid the men of the medical corps in finding the wounded. Often they act independently in bringing aid to the hurt until they can be carried back to their own lines. As everywhere else in the world the dog has proved in the trenches that he is man's best friend. This photograph shows the dogs in a portion of trench on the Marne front. The poilus are holding them in leash until they get the opportunity for searching the wastes of No Man's Land for the wounded and the dying.

LOST

ARNOLD GALSWORTHY
in *Animals' Guardian*

IN the desert, the gray desert, lost—a dog!
Where are his fireside and the scents he knew?
Who owned him, fed him, watched him as he grew—
From round-eyed pup, to this stray shadow thro' the fog?

Poor boy! your little world has thinned away;
You run, a phantom dog whom Fate will drive
Up street, down street, distraught the cruel day,
And then at night no sheller give!
The trail for home is vaped, gone the sense
Of any human refuge; run and run—
'Tis all that you can do, not knowing whence
Or whither—sniffing, every touch to shun.

In the desert, the gray desert town—a ghost!
If he be not, never was a ghost astray.
Can no one stay him, pul him on the way
To home, and from his eyes chase out the look "I'm lost!"

NOT all Americans can win a niche in the Hall of Fame, but all can keep out of the Hall of Shame that bears the names of profiteers and hoarders, of wasters and slackers and slickers, of both sexes and all ages.

—Youth's Companion

Our readers are urged to clip from *Our Dumb Animals* various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us on application.

American Red Cross—Junior Membership

Conducted and Edited by Dr. H. N. MacCRACKEN

National Director of Junior Membership, American Red Cross, Washington, D.C.

Boys and the Junior Red Cross

WHEN the school fund has been raised, and the necessity for earning money has been reduced, the call comes from many of the Junior Red Cross Auxiliaries, "What can the boys do?" This call has answered itself in various ways, through the ingenuity of the boys themselves and of their teachers. In Los Angeles, both the salvage work and the Red Cross toy shop have supplied enough employment to preclude complaints. In other cities similar work has been introduced. Knitting has become a reputable masculine occupation. In spite of the varied service that can be given, there seems still to be a need for some large, general branch of work that shall belong as exclusively and appropriately to the boys as does the making of refugee and hospital garments to the girls, and that shall as directly supply our war needs.

Gardening is a seasonal occupation, as well as being a field upon which the girls are rapidly encroaching. This is a type of service in which cooperation between boys and girls may become a splendid factor. But the boys can no longer point to it as exclusively their own. This is becoming more and more apparent not only in the school gardens but in the larger experiments tried by the women's colleges and the increasing number of successful woman farmers.

There is one branch of endeavor, however, in which men and boys are as yet comparatively unchallenged. Girl carpenters are still a rarity, while the boy who is not born with a penchant for hammer and nails is only half a boy. The school facilities for manual training are such as to make work in this line available for Junior Red Cross members, and this activity among the boys seems the fit one to take

a parallel place with sewing among the girls.

The Junior Red Cross gives as much as it receives in making use of this resource. The education evolved in making joints and tabourets of dubious usefulness cannot be compared to that in making articles for immediate and practical service. The enthusiasm which accompanies such service as the boys can give in this way tends to increase their pride of workmanship.

The extent to which the possibilities in this line are already felt are evident in the work being carried on in such towns as Plainfield and Pittsburgh. In Plainfield the wood-working unit is divided into four groups, which work in rotation for an hour and a half after school on Wednesdays and Fridays. To anyone who is near enough his high school days to remember the way in which the clock crept around the last hour of the day, this will be an enlightening proof of the spirit of the Junior Red Cross.

In Pittsburgh the high school boys have undertaken work in a field almost unlimited. The manual training classes are outfitting, free of charge except for materials, whole rooms for the work of their Red Cross Auxiliaries. The boys draw up their own plans and specifications, and make all the furnishings needed, costumers, cabinets and tables. They have even originated and patented a new surgical dressings table.

The demand for articles within the range of boy carpenters, and the shortage of work of all kinds at this time make the extension of this sort of work under proper supervision seem almost illimitable.

At the Washington headquarters a plan has just been completed for bringing the boys into concerted action on a task bigger than any that

has yet been assigned them. Red Cross convalescent houses are being planned to be installed at the base hospitals in Europe; and the work of designing and making the furnishings for these houses is to be given the school boys. A call has already gone out for designs for tables and benches, and prizes will be awarded for the several designs accepted. The variety and responsibility of this work will exceed in educative value any that has yet been done in the manual training shops, and will bring the boys one step nearer to the front than even the Pittsburgh plan.

Such an extension of shop work does not mean excluding the boys from the other important sorts of service they can give. Plainfield has found a unique form in its stenographic unit, the members of which group give volunteer work in rotation at Red Cross headquarters after school. Help in packing and carrying supplies may always be given by the boys at headquarters. Boys in the Cicero High School of Chicago have organized a transportation committee, which reports every day to the sewing room for work to be taken to the Red Cross, and brings materials back. They can continue active in earning money by doing errands, giving entertainments and sales, and by other means which their fertile brains produce. To any boy truly moved by the Red Cross spirit, there are too many opportunities for war relief and community service rather than too few. He cannot grasp them all.

But concentration on the carpentering acts as a ballast. It gives a solid background of accomplishment against which more romantic types of service become even more colorful. It is the obvious and happy answer to the waning query: "What can boys do?"

Old Dog Will Guard Home while Father Fights Abroad

THIS message from Uniontown, Pennsylvania, dated February 10, was prominently displayed in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, with the accompanying picture.



DAVID R. FLEMING

So impressed were County Treasurer G. Orville Rush, County Commissioner Logan Rush, and others with a letter accompanying an application for a dog's license by David R. Fleming of Bellevernon that they raised a large purse and sent it to the little fellow with the license. The letter follows:

Clerk of Courts, Uniontown, Pa:

Dear Sir—Please send me a dog license for a boy dog. I would have sent the dollar sooner, but my papa has been training in Camp Hancock for the past six months and I did not have the money to send. There is just mama and I left and we have an awful hard time. I want to keep my old dog, Brownie, to watch over us at nights. Thanking you for the same.

From a little schoolboy,

DAVID R. FLEMING,

Bellevernon, Pa., Box 312.

IN a word, I would like to see the "animal show" abolished in this country. It is too ironical altogether that our love of beasts should make us tolerate and even enjoy what our common sense, when we let it loose, tells us must in the main spell misery for the creatures we profess to be so fond of.

GALSWORTHY

Copies of *Our Dumb Animals*, humane leaflets, Be Kind to Animals stamps, pennants and pins, the Humane Calendar, and other literature and supplies advertised on the back page of this number, are appropriate for distribution during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 15-20. Orders should be placed early.

HOW THE AUTO HELPED THE HORSE

DURING the cold weather last winter in New York, a team of horses, before a heavily laden cart, was stalled in one of the up-town streets. The poor beasts had struggled in vain to get a footing on the slippery pavement, and the teamster seemed to be at his wits' end, when a well-appointed motor car, passing through the street, stopped near by; the liveried driver and footman of the car left their places and proceeded to take from the tool-box on the running-board four articles which proved to be shoes for horses' feet. Each was made of heavy muslin or sail-cloth, with a drawing-string at the top, and had a bottom made of carpet. With the assistance of the teamster, the servants from the car then fastened these shoes to the fore feet of the horses, and as soon as they were adjusted, the team started without difficulty and proceeded on its way.

To a by-stander who ventured to speak in commendation of the act, the lady who occupied the car said smilingly, "We always carry them."

S. R. T.

A MEMBER of parliament had emptied the room with an interminable speech. Looking around at the empty benches, he remarked to a bored friend, "I am speaking to posterity."

"If you go on like this," growled the friend, "you will see your audience before you."

LITTLE WIDOW OF THE MEADOWS

(Hunter's Remorse)

IN the pink of sunset's fall,
Hear the plaintive lover-call:
Bob White!
Bob White!
Sad-eyed wooer of the stubble;
Heart in jus' a heap of trouble;
Jus' a crying all inside
For the lover still denied;
Oh, so short a time a bride.

Calling in the shadowed fields
As the day to night-time yields:
Bob White!
Bob White!

'Fraid he's too far from your whistle.
Bare the bough and blown the thistle,
Since he heard his love and tried,
Bleeding, to be at thy side.
'Twas for love of thee he died.

'Gain the somber night shades dwell;
Faithful yet, and calling still:
Bob White!
Bob White!
Up and down the drowsy meadow
Calls the gallant lover's widow,
Solace in reply denied.
Calling in the pines beside,
Answerless for time and tide.

CHARLES T. SCHERMERHORN
in *The Detroit Times*

GREAT THOUGHTS ON PEACE

Peace is liberty in tranquillity. CICERO
I have never advocated war, except as a means of peace. U. S. GRANT
Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles. EMERSON

I am a man of peace. God knows how I love peace; but I hope I shall never be such a coward as to mistake oppression for peace. KOSSUTH
Peace, above all things, is to be desired, but blood must sometimes be spilled to obtain it on equitable and lasting terms. ANDREW JACKSON
Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable; the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one. CARLYLE

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

A FEW days ago Mrs. — was crossing Madison Square, New York, when she saw approaching her a woman richly dressed and wearing a hat profusely decorated with egret feathers. When they were within speaking distance, Mrs. — stopped and said to the other, "Madam, do you know that your hat is a perfectly horrible sight?" and in answer to the question "Why?" continued, "Because every one of those beautiful plumes means that a baby bird has died of slow starvation." The wearer of the hat received the denunciation with patience but with perfect indifference, and then passed on, unruffled and self-satisfied.

The incident is only worth relating as illustrative of the possibilities of callous-heartedness on the part of one woman, and of moral courage on that of another.

S. R. T.

Are you doing anything to make your locality a safer and more inviting place for the birds?

THE GREEN-WINGED TEAL

ROBERT B. ROCKWELL

THERE is proof sufficient that our contemporaries — the Germans — have no monopoly on "ruthlessness." This beautiful little creature was shot under the guise of "sport." His wing was broken but he escaped, and although his wing healed, it was useless, and he was doomed to spend the rest of his days on the ground, a cripple, — easy prey for numerous blood-thirsty coyotes, skunks, weasels, and snakes. Fortunately for him he was captured by a man who was more interested in his beauty than in the taste of his flesh, and was transferred to an attractive lake in the park of a large city, where for several years he shared the company, and the food, care, and protection provided for a large number of his brother ducks, both tame and captive.

The green-winged teal is one of the smallest and most beautiful of all the wild ducks; and is one of the most widely distributed birds in the world, being found both in the eastern and western, as well as the northern and southern hemispheres. In his semi-annual migrations he often travels almost halfway around the globe.

The nests are beautifully concealed structures in the rank grass, snugly lined with soft down plucked from the breast of the brooding mother.

Six to twelve handsome creamy eggs are deposited, and the tiny, downy, streaked young learn to swim, and to conceal themselves in the most marvelous manner soon after hatching.

As long as the primitive instinct of the chase remains in mankind wild ducks will no doubt be killed for sport, — the excuse of needing them for food is no longer tenable, — but through the intelligent and far-seeing efforts of nature lovers and a few true sportsmen, federal legislation has recently been enacted which will no doubt save these beautiful birds from the prospective extermination which confronted them a few years ago.



Photo from Nat'l Ass'n Audubon Societies

GOLDFINCH AT BIRD-BATH

AN IMPROVISED BIRD-BATH

HELEN E. BEE

WHEN we first came to the suburbs of Portland, I noticed the birds getting under the spray from the lawn sprinkler. Concluding that they could not find many drinking places in the neighborhood, and having no pan to spare for their use, I had a little wooden box not quite two inches deep made of heavy boards. After some hours of soaking, this box would hold water and was placed on the lawn and filled for their use.

At the odd times when I was watching, I saw only an occasional bird drinking or bathing in the newly-found pool, but decided it was worth while if but one bird a day used it. Soon I saw two birds which I took to be young blue jays bathing together in the box. I was encouraged. Then one morning about six o'clock, birds appeared near the house, and a robin stepped into the water. He was followed in quick succession by two more robins, then a small bird took his turn, and another robin. I decided that early morning was the time when birds attended to their daily toilet and was watching the next day at the same hour. But no birds appeared.

However, I had not long to wait to find that the news had spread. That noon, in the midst of the gentle rain, the first that had come in weeks, the feathered friends began to arrive. So many were taking advantage of the free bathing that I did not attempt to count. The robins could scarcely wait for one another to finish their shaking and spattering and leave the box, and the small birds, too, wanted their chance. Two of them were in at once, when along came a third, who declined to step in till one had gone and then pecked at the other to drive him out. Next more robins came, one of which was determined that no others should come near while he occupied the tub.

So the birds, big and little, kept coming for the next hour and a half until at least twenty had bathed, while many others had been there to drink. There is nothing to disturb them, and while reasonably cautious, they seem to be learning that there is no serious danger. I decided the experiment was worth while alike to the birds and to those who watched.

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 15-20.

Humane Sunday, April 21.



THE GREEN-WINGED TEAL

Read "Michael, Brother of Jerry," by Jack London

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at the Plimpton Press, Lenox Street, Norwood, Massachusetts.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

April, 1918

FOR TERMS see last page.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts of over 500 words in length, and prefer verse not in excess of thirty-six lines, preferably shorter. Full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

THE HORSE'S VACATION

HE needs it. We can give it to him with your help. At our Rest Farm at Methuen last summer we made a sort of earthly Paradise possible for nearly fifty horses. Many of these were from the hard city pavements who had never had a vacation. Three dollars and a half a week pays the bill. Add to the pleasure of your own summer by the consciousness that some tired horse is finding, because of you, a little of heaven here on earth. Of this work the *Boston Transcript* says:

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. maintains a vacation farm for city horses. Out at Methuen nearly fifty tired business horses enjoy a week or two of country life. Worn with the steady toil and perpetual roar of the streets, the dungeon-like stables at night, they come to the farm with heads down, stolid, dejected.

It is worth money to see the surprise that dawns in their eyes when the halters come off and they are turned out on turf, broad acres, shade, peace, and clear air all about them. Their heads come up and they caper and roll. The new spirit that is born in them with this brief freedom adds dollars to their value and they go back to the renewed round of toil not only rested, refreshed, built up in body, but, one is tempted to say, with pleasant memories of green fields and real life that will last them till the next vacation time comes round again.

DESERVING PRAISE

HAVING had our attention called to the excellent care given his horses by a driver for John P. Squire and Company, we wrote his employers repeating the story told us by one who had observed how carefully he blanketed his horses and with what kindness he spoke to them and treated them. This is the reply.

Dear Mr. President:

We thank you for your very kind letter of the 18th instant calling our attention to the manner in which the young man, Mr. Joseph Lane, driver of one of our teams, looks after the horses under his care.

We instruct our men who have the handling and driving of the horses to always use them carefully and give them the best of treatment. Your letter has been read to the young man, and also to all the other drivers, that it may stimulate them to take the same good care of the horses under their charge.

A letter of this nature coming from you cannot help but do a great amount of good for the better treatment of dumb animals.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN P. SQUIRE & COMPANY
By J. F. HILL

WE WON THE CASE

A VERY important case brought by the Society against a prominent coal and ice dealer for refusal to blanket his horses was won last month. On days when the thermometer registered several degrees below zero our officers observed this man's horses standing on the street from ten to twenty-seven minutes unblanketed. The owner claimed blankets were unnecessary. The trial of the case lasted an entire day, many veterinarians and horsemen testifying on each side. The Court found the man guilty on the ground that the law evidently contemplated the comfort of the horse as well as his protection from positive and deliberate cruelty. It was a test case well worth winning.

PROTECTION OF ARMY HORSES

THE Department of Agriculture can take no more important action for the benefit of our army horses than that contemplated by instituting a thorough overhauling of all places where these horses are assembled before they reach the several camps. The greatest fear those in charge of the Remount Stations have is of infection at the centers where these animals are brought for sale, and of the places where they are taken from trains to be rested, watered, and fed, and also of poorly disinfected stock-cars. The carelessness so prevalent in guarding against the spread of disease has already cost the Government a large amount of money. The number of deaths from December 8 to January 12, was 4777. No doubt a great proportion of these could have been prevented. Each horse represents approximately a value of \$175.

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT

MUCH is said about feeding the wild birds, particularly the game birds. A writer in the Worcester, Massachusetts, *Telegram*, with an unusually clear perception of the whole question, bids us consider nature's provisions for caring for her children. The swift-winged birds easily change their habitats, when food and water fail, to places where they subsist with little difficulty. We must all admit that it is rare to find a dead bird even after a long spell of bitter weather when the ground has been covered with snow. As to the benefit to the farmer in winter bird-feeding this correspondent says, "Is it the crow and the blue jay that should be fed? They are perfectly able to care for themselves. And so far as the song birds are concerned, those of greatest value to the farmer nearly all migrate to the South in the early autumn." When one thinks of the game birds we are urged to feed in order to help the farmer win the war, we fear his words are altogether too true:

"Who is to receive the benefit from the bags of grain that are being distributed by the game wardens and others? You will find in nearly every case there is found to be a hunter interested in this grain distribution.

"Is it to help the farmer to produce his crops and save them from being destroyed by weeds and insects that we feed the birds, or is it to make it easier for the hunter to fill his game bag another season?

"It is much better to let the game birds, along with the rest of the bird family, starve to death, if nature deems it wise to use such methods, than it is to court their friendship for a short season only to have it broken later by powder and shot together with a trained bird dog, for it means extermination to the last bird, if a trained dog and a skilled hunter get after them."

THE DOG TRAINER'S CRUELTY

THE letter below to an English humane publication confirms our contention with regard to the cruelties involved in the training of trick animals:

"I was spending a holiday at Blackpool and went one evening to the circus, where there was a performance by dogs. The dogs had to mount a high ladder; a swing was set in motion; the dogs in turn had to catch it, swing to the other side, and alight on a platform. One of the dogs had the greatest difficulty in holding on to the swing and seemed dreadfully nervous. It was painful for me to watch the performance.

"That evening I lost my eyeglass case. I returned to the circus the following morning to make inquiries about it. To my painful astonishment I saw two tall, burly men putting the poor little dog I had seen the night before through the performance again, with a whip which reached to the top of the ladder." — J. D.

In connection with this we notice, with deep satisfaction, the rescue by death from this life of suffering of eighteen circus dogs at the winter quarters of the Barnum and Bailey circus at Bridgeport, Connecticut. They were killed by the medicine given them at the hands of an inexperienced caretaker. Whatever they suffered during the few hours of dying, it was less by far than the future in the ring had in store for them. Alas that eighteen more are doubtless being trained to take their places!

WERE THEY MEN OR DEVILS?

THE lynching in Tennessee recently of a Negro led to an editorial in the *Greenwood* (S. C.) *Daily Journal* which, written in the South, speaks louder than any word of ours. We reproduce only a few sentences of this southern editorial:

"We do not know a greater crime than the crime of lynching. It is murder pure and simple and, at that, cowardly murder.

"On last week a Negro was lynched in Tennessee and for brutality it surpassed anything that we have ever heard of. We doubt if ever any murder of innocent men, women and children by the heartless German soldiers could possibly have surpassed this lynching.

"There should be such a demand for the punishment of the men guilty of this great crime as to force the National Government to place its resources back of the law to find out the guilty parties and have them punished. If it took all the army to reach them, they should be reached."

The tortures inflicted upon this poor victim of the mob are too horrible for us to lay before our readers. They would be wholly unbelievable had they not been fully verified by a host of witnesses.

A GOOD TIME TO GIVE

IN connection with Be Kind to Animals Week, April 15 to 20, an interested correspondent requests us to urge our readers "to celebrate that event in a practical way by making a gift to the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts S.P.C.A., the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or to your local humane society," and adds, "The more you give, the better you will feel."

All ministers and others interested are asked to send to the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, for free copy of "Justice for Animals" — a sermon for Humane Sunday, April 21.



EDITOR'S NOTE: To save space in publishing our annual report in the May number, the names of officers and agents and list of bequests to our Societies will be found in this issue.

MONTHLY REPORT

Cases investigated.....	756
Animals examined.....	3,809
Number of prosecutions.....	28
Number of convictions.....	27
Horses taken from work.....	154
Horses humanely destroyed.....	159
Small animals humanely destroyed.....	280
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals examined.....	87,250
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely destroyed.....	67

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has received gifts of \$150 from Mrs. S. H. K., \$100 of which is for army horse relief and \$50 for summer work; \$100 each from A. F. C., Mrs. B. L. Y., J. S. L., Mrs. J. P. T., J. B. W., and Miss M. W.; \$50 from the Misses H. L. and M. S. E.; \$30 each from Mrs. E. L'E., of which \$20 is for army horse relief, and Miss L. S. B.; \$25 each from Mrs. W. S. F., T. A. F., Mrs. E. B. P., Judge S. E. D., and a friend; \$20 each from Miss A. L., H. D., Mrs. R. M. S., and C. H. P.; and, for the Angell Memorial Hospital, \$84 from Mrs. M. G. P., and \$35 from Mrs. A. G., Jr., "for dog kennel, in memory of Jock."

The Society has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Florence A. Sanborn, of Boston, and Cordelia H. Wheeler, of Boston.

The American Humane Education Society has received \$200 from two New York friends, \$100 from A. T. S., \$26.75 from a Rhode Island friend, \$19.61 from the South Bend (Indiana) Humane Society, and \$21.68, interest.

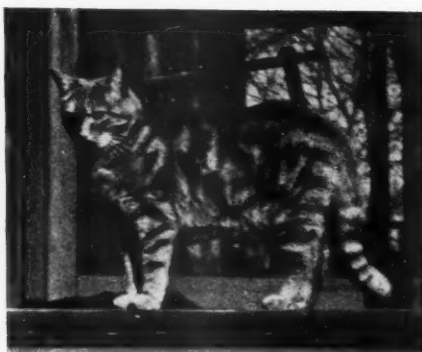
The Society has been remembered in the will of Gen. Horace W. Carpentier of New York City.

March 12, 1918.

ALFRED BOWDITCH

OUR two Societies, with many other charitable organizations in Boston, have sustained a very positive loss in the death of Mr. Alfred Bowditch. As one of the trustees of our invested funds he had served the cause we represent with great kindness, putting at our disposal his wide knowledge of financial affairs and his trained judgment as to safe and wise investments. From 1899, till his death in February, he was associated with our two Societies in this trusted capacity, for the greater part of the time generously giving his services.

Free stalls and kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital may be endowed by individuals. Seventy-five dollars a year for a horse stall, thirty-five dollars a year for a kennel.



A HOSPITAL PATIENT

THIS is "Hafiz," a red tabby of rare coloring, who after suffering for three months from gastritis and paralysis was brought to the Angell Memorial Hospital and "astonished everyone by a remarkable recovery when all hopes had been abandoned"—to use the language of his grateful mistress, Miss V. A. Amos, Roxbury, Massachusetts. She adds: "Although less than two years, Hafiz weighs eleven pounds and bids fair to round out the allotted years of life."

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

Hospital		Free Dispensary	
Cases entered	243	Cases	302
Dogs	133	Dogs	174
Cats	56	Cats	123
Horses	52	Horse	1
Bird	1	Birds	3
Rabbit	1	Goat	1
Operations	126		
Hospital cases since opening, March 1,			
1915			8,332
Free Dispensary cases			10,760
Total			19,092

PARK OFFICER RESCUES ROBIN

THE medal of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, "Awarded for Humanity," has been presented to Metropolitan Park Officer W. C. Martin for rescuing a robin that had been overcome on one of the coldest days in February and fallen in the snow on the ice of the Charles River. The bird revived in the warmth of the station house and was taken to the Metropolitan Park police station in the Middlesex Fells district, where, with several other birds that the officers have found injured or suffering from the cold, it will await the arrival of warmer weather.

We must have the religious, the intellectual and the humane combined. The churches must preach humanity as well as Christianity, and the schools must teach it, and the press must carry it where neither churches nor schools can. There is no getting rid of this question, and we have no time to lose. The coming generation is coming fast; and we must make them good citizens, or they will make us a bad nation. You may go into all the schools and homes with book and picture, and song and story, and make the children humane; or you may cause them to grow up cruel, inhumane, cultivating the bad passions, and they will avenge themselves upon society.

If you claim to be a good citizen, if you regard the future welfare of your country, you must provide for the humane education of its children. GEO. T. ANGELL

THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Founded by George T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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ROBERT L. DYSON, Worcester, Worcester

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WILLIAM H. LYNG, New Bedford, Bristol

WM. H. IRWIN, Cotuit, Dukes and Barnstable

FRED M. TRUESDELL, Pittsfield, Berkshire

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Holyoke, F. H. GILPATRICK

Lowell, C. A. HAMBLETT, D.V.S.

Lawrence, FRED N. ABBOTT

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A † signifies appointment for the Commonwealth.

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Adams

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(P. O. Mittineague)

(P. O. R. F. D.)

Amherst

Arlington

Ashburnham

Ashby

Ashfield, South

John F. Hollis

Melvin O. Bradford

Wm. O'Brien

William F. Sullivan

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Clinton	Charles Sanderson	Milton	H. C. Snell	Upton (P. O. West)	H. A. Bagley
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	C. Lyman Parsons	Natick (P. O. Wellesley)	Frank B. Schutt	Wareham	James W. Hurley
Cummington (P. O. West)	Francis L. Shaw	Needham	John J. Oakes	(P. O. Onset)	John F. Nickerson
(P. O. Pittsfield)	Fred M. Truesdell†	New Ashford	Norman Mackenzie	Warren	Walter A. Putnam
Dalton	Edgar H. Pierce	New Bedford	Charles S. Baker	Warwick	Baxter A. Worden
Dana, North	Thos. L. Thayer		Henry W. Mason		C. E. Bass
North	Harry E. Brown		William H. Lyng	Watertown	David A. Bolton†
Danvers (P. O. So. Hamilton)	Joseph Merrill		C. F. Smith		Hiram McGlauffin
Dartmouth (P. O. South)	Charles H. Meade		Daniel H. Smith	Webster	Wm. A. Howard
Deatham (honorary)	Wm. F. Dragan	New Marlboro	Albert C. Langshaw	Wellesley (P. O. Hills)	Edgar S. Hill
Deerfield	Chas. L. Fisher	(P. O. Southfield)		Wellfleet	Edward H. Fay
Dennis, South	A. P. Baker	Newbury (P. O. Newburyport)	Wm. S. Bradley	Wenham (honorary)	William Gill
Douglas, East	Wm. H. Herendeen	(P. O. Byfield)	Benjamin F. Hathaway	West Boylston	Elbridge Porter
	E. P. Heath	Newburyport	Byron S. Rogers	West Brookfield	Frank H. Baldwin
Dudley	Quincy H. Merrill, M.D.		Benjamin F. Hathaway	West Springfield	Geo. A. Hocum
	Edgar S. Hill	Chestnut Hill	Harry A. Hunt	West Stockbridge	Marshall A. Belmer
Easthampton	George B. Cook	Highlands	Henry W. Marriner	Westboro	O. P. Leavitt
East Longmeadow	F. C. Burton	Lower Falls	Rufus H. Moulton	Westfield	John P. Crowe
Easton (P. O. North)	Patrick Costello	West	Joshua H. Seaver	Westford, Graniteville	L. C. Coburn
Edgartown	John D. Donnelly		N. Fred Bosworth	Weston	J. A. Healy
(P. O. Vineyard Haven)	Walter H. Renear		John Purcell		M. French
Egremont, South	H. W. Brusie		Fred M. Mitchell	Westport (P. O. Central	Chas. A. Freeman
Erving (P. O. Miller's Falls)	E. J. Pratt		Richard T. Kyte	Village)	Henry P. Wing
Essex (honorary)	Wm. H. Gilbert	Norfolk	Wm. H. Rand	Weymouth, North	Isaac H. Walker
Everett	William E. Hill	North Adams	Andrew E. Jones	South	Geo. B. Bayley
Fall River (honorary)	John Fleet		E. O. Wiley	East	Arthur H. Pratt
	Martin Feeney		A. W. Fulton	Whately	Leander F. Crafts
Falmouth	G. Channing Clark	North Andover	Albert Wing	Whitman	Patrick H. Smith
Heights (honorary)	Herbert H. Lawrence	North Attleboro	Jas. M. Craig	Wilbraham	William H. McGuire
	Charles S. Baker	North Brookfield	E. Carlisle Brown	Williamsburg	
(P. O. Wood's Hole)	James K. Polk Purdum	Northampton (P. O. Leeds)	John P. Ranger	(P. O. Haydenville)	P. J. Ryan
Fitchburg	A. Q. Thayer		Charles Packard	Williamstown	Eugene P. Prindle
	E. D. Mosher		George H. Bean		Joseph Richards
Foxboro	Ernest A. White		J. Q. Hatch	Wilmington	W. A. Taylor
Framingham	Chas. H. Tilton, D.V.S.	Northboro	Henry F. Carbreay		W. E. Swain
	James E. Bemis	Northbridge	Hamilton Boyd	Winchendon	C. A. Foster
Franklin	Chas. R. Gowen	Northfield	Fred Doane	Winchester	Robert Callahan
Gardner	Augustus E. Cleaves	Norwell	Walter T. Osborne		W. R. McIntosh
	Philip Buckwold	Norwood	Clara W. Berwick		Frank J. Corcoran
Grafton	William Loynd	Oak Bluffs			Philip J. Blank
North	Wm. A. Getchell	(P. O. Vineyard Haven)	Walter H. Renear	Windsor (P. O. East)	O. D. Jacobs
	Elmer A. Macker	Oakham	Fred H. Parmenter	Winthrop	Louis Verlin
Granby	D. C. Nutting	(P. O. Coldbrook Springs)	George M. Underwood	Worcester	Robert L. Dyson†
Granville	Harry S. Hartley	Orange	L. S. Billings		Henry A. Mower
Great Barrington	Hon. H. C. Joyner	Orleans	Henry M. Percival		Thos. F. O'Flynn
Greenfield	Thomas Manning	Oxford	George L. Fortin		W. H. Davis
	Arthur M. Haskins	Palmer	A. F. Bennett	Worthington	Jay Snell
Groton	Bartholomew J. Darling	Paxton	Henry H. Pike	(P. O. Cummington	Charles M. Cudworth
Hadley	W. H. Comins		Walter H. Pike	(P. O. Pittsfield)	Fred M. Truesdell†
Hamilton	Emery Lawrence				



American Humane Education Society

Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies, see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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FRENCH ORPHANS AND BANDS OF MERCY

OUR representative in Switzerland, M. Jerome Perinet, writes us, "I have been asking myself when we should reach our first million members. Now a providential chance has brought me a co-laborer in Monsieur le Senateur Comte de Beauvisage, president of the Committee in charge of the orphans of the war, among which he desires to establish Bands of Mercy, and these children are more than a million. I have just written the Queen of Belgium to ask her to do the same among the Belgian war orphans, sending her information regarding the movement. When I have her reply I will send it to you." Here certainly is a wonderful field opened to the American Humane Education Society. Who wants to help?

HUMANE WORK FOR CHILDREN

GRACE A. TOWNSEND

WHEN the right seed is planted, the right crop grows," and this is just as true in human lives as seed sown in the soil. The harvest may not come soon and the growth be not exactly the way we expected, but if we are patient, use the right cultivation, fertilizer and care, the crop will eventually come out "right."

The Band of Mercy, whether as a part of the Loyal Legion in W. C. T. U. work, as a separate organization in school or community, or as a division in some religious church work, is our endeavor to plant the seed of *kindness to every living creature* in the receptive minds and hearts of the boys (especially the boys) and the girls whose lives are developing in either kind or cruel ways, and if the latter, the older people, both by precept and example, are responsible.

When the "seed" or organization of a Band of Mercy is effectively started there must be constant "cultivation" in keeping up the humane work interest. There is also the necessity of "fertilizer," that the growth may be strong, uniform and lasting. For this "fertilizer" there should be close acquaintance with helpful, bright literature and that splendid paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, samples of which will be sent free by The American Humane Education Society, Back Bay Station, Boston, Massachusetts. Full particulars how to start a Band of Mercy will be furnished also, and price-list you will need later on. Remember God calls us to do our part faithfully, and He will give the "increase," which will be in habits of gentleness and kindness formed in childhood for the children we love.

FROM SOUTH AMERICA

FROM Lima, Peru, comes a report of the "Sociedad Umanitaria Peru," a Band of Mercy of thirty-four members organized by Julio Herio Espinoya as the result of correspondence with the American Humane Education Society. In the number are men, women and children. The literature sent from this office has been greatly appreciated, as much of it is in the Spanish language. We have also received an enquiry from Fernando Vernal C., Iquique, Chile, who is eager to coöperate in humane efforts in that country, where, he writes, "they treat the animals so inhumanely it is necessary to use an intense educational propaganda." We have been glad to supply him with suitable literature, including "Black Beauty" and several pamphlets in the native language.

BAND FORMED IN RAILWAY STATION

TO be instant in season and out of season is the rule of the field workers of the American Humane Education Society. One of them, Mrs. L. T. Weathersbee, happened to drop into the Union passenger station in Atlanta, Georgia, one cold night in January, where she was attracted by a number of tired mothers and fretful children who were waiting for much belated trains. In one end of the waiting-room she gathered the children and entertained them with animal stories and then asked if any would like to sign the Band of Mercy pledge. The result was that twenty-nine children, bound for different parts of the country, pledged themselves to kindness to animals and comprised one of the most unique Bands of Mercy that has been formed during the thirty-six years of the organization.

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL

Each of our two Societies will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay to the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment. Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Societies solicit correspondence upon this subject, and will be glad to furnish all further details.

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK"

IF all friends who see this article will try to induce the Moving Picture Houses in their town to show a lantern slide, lettered as below, just before and especially during BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK, it will go far toward making the week a great success. Please try also to get the card printed in your local newspaper at the same time.

"BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK"

Monday, April 15, to Saturday, April 20
Humane Sunday, April 21

HELP ON THIS NATIONAL CELEBRATION BY
BEING KIND TO ANIMALS AND AIDING
HUMANE SOCIETIES TO
PROTECT THEM

We will be glad to furnish lantern slides, attractively lettered as above, at cost, 30 cents each, postpaid.

AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY,
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

NEW USE FOR A CAT

SOME time ago an item was printed in a newspaper telling how in making a visit to a busy factory it was noticed that a big and affable cat wandered at will throughout a floor that was crowded with whirring looms. The cat seemed welcome to each of the girl-workers, and each had a pleasant word or a pat for their pet as it strolled about at will.

"Doesn't the cat take the girls' attention from their work?"

"That cat is worth a salary," was the reply of the owner of the mill. "Since it strolled in here it has increased the efficiency of the department by ten per cent, at least!"

"What does it do — kill mice?"

"No. It kills monotony. It keeps the girls good-humored."

There is a new use for a cat!

— *The Ladies' World*

Try to secure as many new members as possible for your local humane society during Be Kind to Animals Week, April 15-20. If there is not a humane society in your town, celebrate this Week by organizing one.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, *President*

GUY RICHARDSON, *Secretary*

E. A. MARYOTT } *State Organizers*
L. H. GUYOL }

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See back cover for prices of Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Six hundred and thirty new Bands of Mercy were reported in February. Of these 220 were in schools of Rhode Island; 134 in schools of Massachusetts; 57 in schools of Virginia; 53 in schools of Wisconsin; 47 in schools of South Carolina; 42 in schools of Georgia; 25 in schools of Connecticut; 21 in schools of Texas; 20 in schools of Ohio; three in New York; and one each in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Minnesota, Colorado, Washington, Canada, Porto Rico, and Peru.

Total number Bands of Mercy, 112,383

WELCOME GROSBEAKS

GEORGE S. BROWN

IF you should happen to discover a brilliant-plumaged bird poking around your potato vines, the best thing that you can do is to "go way back and sit down." At any rate, do not disturb him, for ten to one it is a rose-breasted grosbeak. If you ever had friends in your potato patch, the rose-breasted grosbeak and his somber-colored mate surely class with the best of them.

Here's the proof:—

Part of our garden was planted with potatoes and as usual we purchased spraying material to exterminate the bugs we always had to contend with.

A pair of rose-breasted grosbeaks built their ragged-looking nest in an apple-tree near the garden, and as the potato vines began to spread out and invite the mandolin-backed bugs to "come on," the grosbeaks got busy. Regularly every day those birds went over the patch and kept the bugs absolutely cleaned up. We did not spray the vines at all, as it was totally unnecessary.

The birds were very thorough in their search. They would light on the vines and crawl and flutter in amongst them.

If you hear the metallic "wenk" of a grosbeak near your potato patch, shake hands with yourself, for you have found a good friend.

MANY farmers fail to recognize their best friends. Snakes, for example, kill far more field mice than all the cats in the land. Owls are also particularly destructive to vermin. So, too, are hawks, although two varieties menace the poultry yards. Yet what farmer does not encourage his sons to kill snakes, owls and hawks at every opportunity? Even the despised coyote of the West has performed such a service in destroying the far more harmful rabbits and gophers that its decreasing numbers is a public loss.

— *Youth's Companion*



THE DAUGHTERS AND FAVORITE DOG OF MR. J. MURRAY FORBES OF BOSTON
(From a photograph taken some years ago.)

AN INTERESTING LETTER

MR. J. MURRAY FORBES, formerly a Director of our Society and a member of the Finance Committee, one of Boston's best known and honored citizens, sends us, in connection with an interesting article on "Dogs of War" from a London paper, the following personal letter which our readers will enjoy:—

107 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass.
30 Jan., 1918.

Dear Dr. Rowley:

The enclosed account of the "Dogs of War" was sent to me by a friend from London. I think you will find it interesting and you may like to publish part of it.

The friend I speak of has gone to France as a chaplain in the Red Cross service. When sailing with me last summer, we got talking on immortality and I asked him how he could reconcile the thought that a savage Hottentot who had eaten his mother-in-law should go to Heaven, and *not* my faithful dog that had never left my side in eighteen years if he could help it and had never done a mean act in all those years as far as I knew.

In sending me this enclosure my friend writes that I seem to have the Hottentot lashed to the mast! This might interest your readers. With kind regards, I am,

Very truly,
J. MURRAY FORBES

Accompanying this letter is a photograph of this remarkable little dog and Mr. Forbes' two daughters, one of them holding a paraquet on her finger. The photograph was taken some years ago. We wish space permitted the printing of the London article; for only a paragraph or two, however, can we find room in this issue.

"The most of our war dogs are fighting under the French flag. They can be counted in thousands—these valiant four-footed poilus. Of every breed, the majority of them have no ancestry to boast of, being frankly mongrel

descendants of peasant sheep-dogs from Brie, from the Beauce, or the Blue Alsatian Mountains. Nothing daunts these 'chiens de sante,' as they are called, neither mud nor blood, nor even the nameless horror of No Man's Land. At all times and under all circumstances they stick to their laborious work with 'most conspicuous bravery.'

"It is for these four-footed auxiliaries that the Blue Cross Fund has established infirmaries both at the front and at the base camps. They nurse the disabled and heal the terrible burns inflicted by jets of flaming liquid."

ANIMALS' EARS

IF you ever see a rabbit running, notice its ears, and you will see that they are laid back flat on its neck. That is not a chance position, nor is it due to the weight of the ears; it is a provision of nature for the little animal's protection. It is one of the hunted, you see, and not one of the hunters.

It is different with the fox and the wolf; their ears as they run are thrust sharply forward, for they are of the hunters. As the rabbit must run away to escape danger, its enemies are always behind it, and therefore nature has given it large ears to catch every sound and the habit of throwing them back, because its danger comes from that direction. As the fox and the wolf must run after their prey, nature has given them the habit of thrusting their ears forward.

Just how careful nature is in these matters and how she suits conditions to surroundings may be seen in the jack rabbit of the western prairies. It is the natural prey of the wolf, and, as it is in more danger than our rabbits are, its ears have been made a good deal larger and longer, the better to hear the sounds made by its enemy.

You have seen a horse thrust his ears forward quickly when anything startles him; that is his instinctive movement to catch every sound of a threatening nature. A dog raises his ears in a similar way.

— *Congregationalist*

Be Kind to Animals Week, April 15-20, Humane Sunday, April 21

DECEASED FRIENDS WHO MADE BEQUESTS TO THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS AND TO THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

Mrs. Mehitabel M. C. Copenhagen, Boston.	1871	John J. Soren, Boston.	1889	Thompson Baxter, Boston.	1900
Seth Adams, Boston.	1875	Mrs. Eliza Sutton, Peabody.	1889	George H. Carleton, Georgetown.	1900
Amasa Clapp, Dorchester.	1875	Mrs. Anna L. Baker, Boston.	1890	Mrs. Catherine F. Daby, Harvard.	1900
Hiram Cross, Northfield, N. H.	1875	Mrs. Mary Blaisdell, Stoneham.	1890	Mrs. Anna E. Keyes, Newbury, Vt.	1900
Frederick May, Medford.	1875	Mrs. Mary H. Clapp, Boston.	1890	Miss Mary K. Northey, Andover.	1900
Mrs. Josiah Vose, Boston.	1875	John S. Farlow, Newton.	1890	Mrs. Rebecca G. Swift, W. Falmouth.	1900
Mrs. Harriet A. Deland, Salem.	1876	Mrs. Anna L. Möring, Cambridge.	1890	Mrs. Isabella B. Tenney, Winchester.	1900
Dr. William W. Moreland, Boston.	1876	Miss Eliza A. Shillaber, Brighton.	1890	Mrs. Susan B. Thompson, Worcester.	1900
Miss Eliza Powers, Roxbury.	1876	David W. Simonds, Boston.	1890	James Wight, Reading.	1900
Miss Sallie S. Sylvester, Leicester.	1876	Henry Thielburg, Boston.	1890	Edward I. Browne, Boston.	1901
Christopher W. Bellows, Pepperell.	1877	Mrs. Anna S. Townsend, Boston.	1890	Miss Harriet T. Browne, Boston.	1901
Gardner Chilson, Boston.	1877	Mrs. Eliza P. Wilson, Cambridge.	1890	Mrs. Hannah M. Castell, Boston.	1901
C. Haven Dexter, Boston.	1877	Hon. Samuel C. Cobb, Boston.	1891	Mrs. Amelia M. Forbes, Boston.	1901
Geo. A. Hassam, Manchester, N. H.	1877	Miss Laura Ham, Georgetown.	1891	Miss Matilda Goddard, Boston.	1901
Miss Eliza Jenkins, Scituate.	1877	Mrs. Elizabeth Nash, Worcester.	1891	Charles H. Hayden, Boston.	1901
Miss Jane R. Sever, Kingston.	1877	John B. Tolman, Lynn.	1891	Miss Harriet M. Jennings, Springfield.	1901
Miss Susan Tufts, Weymouth.	1877	Mrs. J. A. Wheeler, Boston.	1891	Mrs. Elizabeth G. Leonard, New Bedford.	1901
Mrs. Mary E. Keith, Boston.	1878	Edward A. White, Boston.	1891	Mrs. Mary Rothwell, Worcester.	1901
James P. Thorndike, Boston.	1878	Mrs. Elisha V. Ashton, Boston.	1892	Miss Mary Shannon, Newton.	1901
Mrs. Ellen H. Flint, Leicester.	1879	Miss Sarah J. Brown, Lynn.	1892	Mrs. Ann E. Taggard, Boston.	1901
Miss Elizabeth Jackson, Roxbury.	1879	Mrs. Priscilla P. Burridge, Malden.	1892	Mrs. Elizabeth C. Ward, Boston.	1901
Mrs. Elizabeth S. Morton, So. Boston.	1879	Mrs. Mary Currier, Brookline.	1892	Miss Susan J. White, Boston.	1901
James W. Palmeter, Concord.	1879	Dr. Pliny E. Earle, Northampton.	1892	Miss S. Maria Bailey, Boston.	1902
Miss Margaret E. C. White, Boston.	1879	Mrs. Lidian Emerson, Concord.	1892	Miss Jane E. Ball, Keene, N. H.	1902
Simeon P. Adams, Charlestown.	1880	Mrs. Anna E. Brown, Quincy, Ill.	1893	Miss Mary Bartol, Boston.	1902
Mrs. M. K. A. Benchley, Ithaca, N. Y.	1880	Miss Margaret A. Capen, Boston.	1893	Robert C. Billings, Boston.	1902
Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, Wayland.	1880	Mrs. Caroline H. Duncan, Haverhill.	1893	Miss Anna M. Clarke, Boston.	1902
Miss Elizabeth S. Lobdell, Boston.	1880	Mrs. Mary B. Emmons, Boston.	1893	Miss Lydia A. Crocker, Central Falls, R. I.	1902
Mrs. Mary F. Ripley, South Hingham.	1880	Mrs. Clarissa A. Freeman, Stoneham.	1893	Francis B. Dumaresq, Boston.	1902
Rev. C. T. Thayer, Boston.	1880	Mrs. Sarah R. Osgood, New York, N. Y.	1893	Mrs. Susan W. Farwell, Boston.	1902
Mrs. Amelia F. Wood, Boston.	1880	Miss Elizabeth Blanchard, Lowell.	1894	Miss A. L. Faulkner, Santa Barbara, Cal.	1902
William Ashby, Newburyport.	1881	Miss Hannah Louisa Brown, Boston.	1894	Mrs. Hannah Gamage, Boston.	1902
Mrs. Sophia Towne Darrah, Boston.	1881	Samuel G. Child, Boston.	1894	Joseph B. Glover, Boston.	1902
Charles Lyman, Boston.	1881	Caleb C. Gilbert, Bridgewater.	1894	Edwin A. W. Harlow, M.D., Quincy.	1902
Charles Tidd, Lexington.	1881	Henry C. Hutchins, Boston.	1894	Mrs. Kate Hoyle, Malden.	1902
Miss Sarah A. Whitney, Boston.	1882	Mrs. Anne E. Lambert, Boston.	1894	Thomas Leverett, Boston.	1902
Mrs. Anne Ashby, Newburyport.	1883	Stephen G. Nash, Lynnfield.	1894	Miss Lucy J. Parker, Boston.	1902
John W. Estabrooks, Boston.	1883	Mrs. Frances E. Pomeroy, So. Hadley.	1894	Mrs. Ruth B. Snell, New Bedford.	1902
Mrs. Joseph Isagii, Boston.	1883	William F. A. Sill, Windsor, Conn.	1894	Alexander Tripp, Fairhaven.	1902
Augustus Story, Salem.	1883	Maturin M. Ballou, Boston.	1895	Mrs. Harriet Welsh, Boston.	1902
Mrs. A. C. Thayer, Boston.	1883	Mrs. Edward H. Eldredge, Newton.	1895	Mrs. Susan A. Blaisdell, Lowell.	1903
Elisha V. Ashton, Boston.	1884	Albert Glover, Boston.	1895	George W. Boyd, Boston.	1903
Miss Anna M. Briggs, New Bedford.	1884	Mrs. Lydia A. McIntire, Boston.	1895	Joseph H. Center, Boston.	1903
Mrs. Cynthia E. Gowin, Fitzwilliam, N. H.	1884	Miss Mary D. Moody, Bath, Me.	1895	Miss Mary E. Deering, South Paris, Me.	1903
Joanna A. Stanford, Boston.	1884	Miss Mary I. Parker, Clinton.	1895	Edward De La Granja, Boston.	1903
Mrs. Augusta B. Thayer, Boston.	1884	Julius Paul, Boston.	1895	Miss Sophia M. Hale, Walpole.	1903
Mrs. Fenno Tudor, Boston.	1884	Aaron W. Spencer, Boston.	1895	Mrs. Caroline Howard, Fitchburg.	1903
Seth J. Ventress, Marshfield.	1884	Mrs. Christina D. Webber, Arlington.	1895	Mrs. Elizabeth Lewis, Boston.	1903
Mrs. Louisa Ann Adams, Boston.	1885	Miss Sarah W. Whitney, Boston.	1895	Mrs. Lucy Nutter, Boston.	1903
Robert K. Darrah, Boston.	1885	Mrs. Eunice R. Dodge, Ausable, N. Y.	1896	Miss Jeannie Paine, Cambridge.	1903
Miss Mary Elizabeth Davis, Boston.	1885	Miss Elizabeth Dow, Andover.	1896	Charles H. Prescott, Harvard.	1903
Miss Caroline Follansbee, Salem.	1885	Dr. Eugene F. Dunbar, Boston.	1896	Richard W. Rice, Springfield.	1903
Edward Lawrence, Charlestown.	1885	Miss Harriet E. Henshaw, Leicester.	1896	Mrs. Harriet R. P. Stafford, Wellesley.	1903
Nathaniel Meriam, Boston.	1885	Martin Howard, Fitchburg.	1896	Arioch Wentworth, Boston.	1903
Mrs. Sarah H. Mills, Boston.	1885	Mrs. Lydia W. Howland, New Bedford.	1896	Jerome B. Westgate, Fall River.	1903
Thomas E. Upham, Dorchester.	1885	Miss Hannah W. Rounds, Newburyport.	1896	Miss Elizabeth A. Whitney, Boston.	1903
Mrs. James M. Beebe, Boston.	1886	Miss Elizabeth Torrey, Cambridge.	1896	Mrs. Eliza J. Chamberlain, Stafford, Conn.	1904
Mrs. Margaret A. Brigham, Boston.	1886	Miss Eliza Wagstaff, Boston.	1896	Mrs. Emma L. Conant, Portland, Me.	1904
Mrs. Catherine C. Humphreys, Dorchester.	1886	Mrs. Anna M. Waters, Dorchester.	1896	Mrs. Mary F. S. Gifford, New Bedford.	1904
Daniel D. Kelley, East Boston.	1886	Dr. Edward K. Baxter, Sharon, Vt.	1897	Miss Sarah D. White, Middleboro.	1904
Benjamin Thaxter, Boston.	1886	Mrs. James Freeman Clarke, Boston.	1897	Mrs. William Appleton, Boston.	1905
Pamela H. Beal, Kingston.	1887	Mrs. Samuel C. Cobb, Boston.	1897	Charles Tidd Baker, Boston.	1905
Dorothea L. Dix, Boston.	1887	Mrs. Jeremiah Colburn, Brookline.	1897	Miss Florence J. Bigelow, Boston.	1905
Charles Gardner Emmons, Boston.	1887	Mrs. William S. Eaton, Boston.	1897	Miss Ellen M. Boyden, Boston.	1905
Henry Gassett, Dorchester.	1887	John Foster, Boston.	1897	Mrs. Henrietta L. Cook, Plainfield.	1905
Mrs. Lydia Hooker, West Roxbury.	1887	Mrs. Ellen B. French, Beloit, Wis.	1897	Mrs. Alice B. Faulkner, Plymouth.	1905
Eliza A. W. Rogers, Boston.	1887	Mrs. John W. James, Boston.	1897	Mrs. Sarah E. French, Randolph.	1905
Ebenezer George Tucker, Canton.	1887	Mrs. Frances A. Moseley, Boston.	1897	Mrs. Ellen K. Gardner, Worcester.	1905
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Mrs. Mary Ann Wilson, Boston.	1887	Miss Edith Rotch, Lenox.	1897	Mrs. Sarah G. LeMoyné, Wareham.	1905
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James Freeman Clarke, D.D., Boston.	1888	Mrs. Elizabeth P. Bacon, Boston.	1898	Mrs. Mary P. O'Connor, Mazomanie, Wis.	1905
Oliver Ditson, Boston.	1888	Mrs. L. H. B. Harding, Barre.	1898	Miss Anna R. Palfrey, Cambridge.	1905
Miss Mary Eveleth, Salem.	1888	W. H. S. Jordan, Boston.	1898	Mrs. Louisa G. Perkins, Newton.	1905
Addison Gilbert, Gloucester.	1888	Mrs. Caroline W. Oxnard, Boston.	1898	Jackson Knyvet Sears, Boston.	1905
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Mrs. Levina R. Urbino, Boston.	1888	Mrs. Caroline S. Barnard, Boston.	1899	Mrs. Julia B. Thayer, Keene, N. H.	1905
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Samuel G. Simpkins, Boston.	1889	Miss Frances E. Bangs, Boston.	1900	Mrs. Ellen A. Fisher, N. Amherst.	1906

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CHILDREN'S PAGE



Photo by Frederick W. Kennedy, M.D.

BILLY WHITE

LOUELLA C. POOLE

O Billy White,
A charming sight
You make, as in your coat of snow
And harness gay,
Upon your way
Along the streets you proudly go!
A merry load
Along the road
You pull with tossing head held high:
Such shouts of glee
And jollity
Bring smiles to every passer-by.
So patient, kind,
'Twere hard to find
A playmate gentler, Bill, than you —
You like the fun,
And anyone
Can see that you like "kiddies" too!
No unkind word
Have you e'er heard —
Ne'er known a blow, O Billy White;
'Twixt you and me
That's why, maybe,
To serve them gives you such delight!

THE SMALLEST DOG

THE smallest dog ever known was "Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, belonging to an army officer in England. He was thus described by a writer in *St. Nicholas*:

Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curl up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting place for him.

Of course he could not fight against a rat but he had courage enough to bark at one — when it was dead. He could have had anything he wished to eat, but he was not happy for he had no appetite, and he shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily, and then oh, dear! how pitifully he did sneeze!

THE BIRD-NEST COLLAR

ELBIE A. BEECHER

ONE bright morning in the springtime, as I opened my window, I saw a robin flying away with one of my lace collars which, with several others, I had spread on the grass to bleach.

I called, "Mamma, Mamma, Robin Redbreast is taking one of my pretty collars!" I clapped my hands, thinking that might frighten him so that he would drop the prize. He alighted on the fence and, turning his head saucily, looked at me, then flew away to the large elm trees on the other side of the street, where he was hidden from view by the leaves and branches.

Fearing he would come again and take another of the collars to help build his nest, I brought them into the house, and placed six narrow pieces of white cloth on the grass where they had been. Before noon, four of the strips had disappeared.

By and by summer came and with it heavy thunder showers. One day when there had been a severe storm and the wind had blown very hard, so that many branches were broken from the trees and were lying in the road, I went out to see how much damage had been done to the vines and flowers about the house. I noticed a neighbor's boy bending over a broken bough, across the street. A minute later he walked slowly toward me, holding in his hand what looked like a little strip of mud-colored cloth. As he came nearer, I found it to be my lace collar, which the robin had borrowed in the spring to help build a home for his babies. I washed it white once more and named it my "bird-nest collar."



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A WOMAN'S PRAYER FOR THE MAN OVER THERE

DR. FRANK CRANE

We regret that we have not the space to publish all of this article, which is copyrighted by the author, who has kindly given us permission to republish it.

O GOD, I make this prayer for HIM.
He has gone into war. Let HIM find
the higher meanings of war, and not the lower;
war's beauty, and not its ugliness.

Let this war be, to HIM, an adventure, fine
and wonderful, an education wherein HE shall
learn life's deepest lessons, an apprenticeship
for ultimate manliness, a training that shall
provide HIM a perfect body, a spiritual opportunity
that shall enable HIS soul to come to its
due stature.

Keep HIM from war's debasements; from
excess that loosens life; from cruelty and
brutality that harden life; from lust and drunk-
enness that rot life; from dishonor, cowardice,
and all things that make life coarse and common.

And if HE fall, if HIS life be among those
lives that are to pay the penalty of the world's
misgovernment, may HE die as a hero, leaving
to me the memory of HIS sacrifice as an undying
inspiration.

O God, let HIM ever feel that my loving
thoughts hover about him night and day, as
guardian angels.

Make HIM a help and not a hindrance to
HIS comrades.

Make HIM the pride and not the shame of
HIS country.

Let me be in every way worthy of HIM.

And bring us, in Thy divine mercy, some
sweet day to a blessed reunion, where all these
severed, bleeding heart-strings shall be healed
and knitted up.

Thou, who art all compassion, hear this cry
of a woman's soul for one she loves more than
her own life.



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